



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, JANUARY 16, 1830.

No. 17.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

In a small town in one of the New-England States, there resided some years ago two young men, whose subsequent fortunes serve forcibly to show the advantages of personal application to study and business on the one hand, and the folly of relying on ancestral honors and expensive patrimonies on the other. Samuel Ledyard was the only favourite son of a gentleman, who, in the point of riches and honors, stood confessedly at the head of the aristocracy of that section of the country. Nature had done much for Samuel's person, though she had not been remarkably generous towards him in the bestowment of her mental gifts. The fact, however, that he was the darling son of the rich and Hon. Judge Ledyard, was enough in his estimation and that of his father, not only to make up for what nature had refused to grant him, but to give him a great superiority over his less favoured neighbours. The best that the fashions of this world can give were abundantly provided to gratify the vanity of Samuel. That he was superior to every one else, none dared openly to deny, as all feared to incur the haughty frowns of the patrician father, and it is not astonishing that Samuel should presume himself to be all which the flatteries of his family insisted that he should be.

Within a few rods of the stately mansion of Judge Ledyard, stood the humble dwelling of Peter Le Forest, the house joiner. Peter had a son of the same age of Samuel. Stephen Le Forest, however, was a poor boy; and what, if possible, was still more to his shame, (in the estimation of the Ledyards,) he was the son of a *joiner*, a labouring man. Though Samuel and Stephen were near neighbours from their birth, little acquaintance and less intimacy was allowed to subsist between them. If Samuel in his great condescension ever *did* speak to Stephen, it was to remind him of his

father's greatness and the obscurity of Stephen's, and to insult him by any other means at hand.

Stephen bore this becomingly; for the thought never had entered his head, that he *could* be equal to the Ledyards.

These boys, for most of the time from six to sixteen, went to school, but not together. Common schools were too vulgar for the Ledyard family. A select establishment must be prepared for the children of the Judge, while Stephen with his scanty supply of books in the chimney corner, or under the tuition of different pedagogues, had to make the best progress he could. He applied himself, however, and made good proficiency.—When these youths were at the age of sixteen, and as Samuel was about ready to enter College, the Ledyards learned with surprise and indignation that it was the design of Peter Le Forest to send Stephen also to College, and at the same University where Samuel was to acquire his literary honours! Stephen Le Forest, however, had as good a right to go to College as Samuel Ledyard; and the faculty being independent of both, would receive the former as readily as the latter. The thought that Stephen was to be a class-mate with Ledyard was revolting to the pride of the Judge and his aristocratic son; but determining that Samuel should have no intercourse with Stephen, and trusting that the great wealth of Ledyard would exalt the former, in the good esteem of the faculty and the students, over the latter, he was sent to Cambridge and entered the class with Stephen. During their four years residence at College, Samuel adhered strictly to his determination to have no intercourse with the poor Stephen Le Forest, the labourer's son. To his fellow students he professed not to know '*the thing*'—or knew him only to despise his poverty and obscurity. The prodigality of Samuel was proverbial in College, and in more than one instance his violation of principle and neglect of study subjected him to the reprimands of the President. Stephen pursued the even tenor of his way, attended to

his studies, recited his lessons well," and by his amiable and unpretending deportment acquired the good will of the better part of the students and the approbation of the others.

He was prudent in his expenditures, and by keeping school during the vacations, earned nearly enough to pay his College bills. When the four years were out and the class was to be graduated, Stephen had the first part in the exercises assigned him, while Samuel was hardly noticed. These arrangements were dissatisfactory to the Ledyards, but they could not be altered. Stephen left the stage applauded by the vast crowd of spectators, while Samuel's performance engaged no expressions from the audience but those of disgust.

After leaving College, both Samuel and Stephen were placed in situations to prepare them for the Bar. In due time Stephen was admitted to practice and opened an office in the village of his nativity. Samuel's father dying about this time, he abandoned his legal studies, presuming that business would be unimportant and unnecessary to him—so great was the inheritance left him by his father. For some years he made it his only business to dash about in stately pride, expending what he regarded as the *inexhaustible* riches left him by his father. Time however, proved his mistake. Before prodigality and dissipation, 'riches took to themselves wings and flew away.' The gaming table made fatal inroads upon his property. He saw Stephen flourish in his profession, and despised him; for though in the course of a few years Stephen had accumulated more property than Samuel had remaining, still it was a circumstance sufficiently damning in his view of the former, and sufficiently honourable in his view of himself, that Stephen was the son of Le Forest, the Carpenter, and he was the son of Ledyard, the Judge.

In ten years Samuel had not a cent remaining. Harassed by his creditors, and having too much pride to stand in his humiliation before Stephen, now a man of wealth and influence, he left his native village and entered as some petty officer on board of a ship in the Navy. Here his habits were such as caused him to be cashiered, and he was dismissed from the service in disgrace.

In the mean time by industry and perseverance the joiner's son arose to eminence in his profession. Before Ledyard entered the navy Le Forest stood at the head of the Bar in his county; and about the time of Samuel's leaving the service in disgrace, Stephen was appointed to the same honourable office which the senior Ledyard had formerly held. Since that time, Samuel Ledyard has been sentenced for his crimes to the state penitentiary, where he remained a miserable object of pity when we last heard from him.—These are facts, substantially, from real life.—The names only are fictitious.—They seem to show how the wheel of fortune in a free country will carry the meritorious upward, while it precipitates

the profligate into ruin below. We have not thought to adorn the tale by any fanciful embellishments. The desire not to tell too long a story has compelled us to leave out all studied descriptions. We were present at the trial of Ledyard. Le Forest was the presiding Judge on the Bench; and when his duty called him to pronounce sentence upon the unhappy criminal, we saw the tear steal down the manly cheek of the Judge; and his voice faltered as he gave utterance to the dread language of the Law. For ourselves, we could not so well command our passions. We thought of the past; we looked upon the present, and wept! How could we help it?—Oh! that youth, in every circumstance would learn, that 'pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall;' while 'he that humbles himself shall be exalted.'

FROM THE TOKEN FOR 1830.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOPE LESLIE.'

(Continued.)

'The rash, impetuous lover proposed an immediate marriage. His intentions were strictly honourable; never had he, by one thought of sin, offended against the purity of Emma; and for her sake he was willing to forget his noble birth, the wishes of his far-off, widowed, but, alas! proud mother, the duties of his official station, propriety, expediency, the world, for love. But Emma was of another temper. She could have surrendered every other happiness in life to be M'Arthur's wife, she could have died for him, but she would not deviate one point from the straight line of filial duty. She would not hear M'Arthur's vows, acknowledge him as a lover, nor think of him as a husband, till she had her father's sanction. This was strange to the indulged youth, who had never regarded any sanction but that of his own inclinations, and he felt himself thwarted by her determination, and half offended by the absolute necessity of waiting till the consent of her father could be obtained. However, there was no alternative. He addressed an earnest letter to Amos Blunt; Emma added a modest, but decided, postscript; and a trusty American boy was hired to convey it a distance of little less than a hundred miles, where Blunt was stationed. In the then condition of the country, this was a long and uncertain journey, and during the weary weeks of waiting, M'Arthur lost all patience. In this tedious interim the fearful Emma truly anticipated the result of their appeal to her father, and, with maidenly modesty withdrew herself from every demonstration of her lover's tenderness. He called this preciseness and coldness, and his pride, even more than his love, was offended.

'While Emma, with the resolution of a martyr, secluded herself in her own apartment, M'Arthur, still confined to the house, was also limited to the society of Anna. The vigor of his spirit returned with his improving health,

and then he found that her gay and reckless spirit harmonized far better with his natural temper, than the timid disposition of her sister.

'Anna's beauty was more brilliant, her conversation more lively and taking, and—have I prepared you for it, my dear girls?—when the parental fiat arrived, the peremptory, unchangeable no, it was received by him with indifference, I am afraid with a secret satisfaction. Poor Emma! the cold, precise Emma, fainted in her sister's arms; and for many successive days she seemed hovering between life and death. To disobey, or evade, or attempt to soften her father's will, was to her impossible; but to endure it, appeared equally impossible. She must suffer, might die, but would submit.

'At first she dreaded the remonstrances of her lover, then she expected them, and expressed this expectation to Anna, first in broken sentences and then in more significant looks; but Anna made no reply to her words or questioning glances. She loved Emma better than anything but—M'Arthur. She hung over her with devoted tenderness, and, I doubt not, with a self-reproach she could not stifle.

'By slow degrees Emma recovered her self-control, and, armed with all the fortitude she could gather or assume, she prepared to meet her lover's gaze—that gaze was altered, the lover her lover no longer. How sure and rapid is the intelligence of true affection! A short, slight observation proved to her that M'Arthur's love was transferred—transferred to her sister. The infidelity of the two beings she most loved on earth, almost broke her heart; but as the most touching of writers has said of the sweetest manifestation of character, the "temper of Emma was like an *Æolian* harp, whose sounds die away in the tempest, and are heard again in every gentle breeze." She said nothing, she looked nothing; she was much alone, and her troubled spirit found rest, where it is only to be found in every modification of human misery, in those high communings that are on the spiritual mount, far above the atmosphere of mortal passions. Anna felt the rebuke of Emma's silence and downcast eye, far more than she would the gentlest even of reproaches—an involuntary look. She accused herself, she wept, she fell at her sister's feet, she offered to abjure her lover forever. Emma folded her in her arms, and it was long before either could speak or listen; but when Emma could utter her resolves gently, softly, tenderly, as they were spoken, it was evident they were unalterable. "That bond, Anna, is severed forever; we are sisters, our God has united us by this tie, our sin alone can destroy or weaken it; it has been rudely jarred, but it is not harmed—is it, Anna?" Anna only replied by a more fervent embrace, a freer burst of tears. Emma was long silent, but when she at last spoke, no one would have detected in the tones of her voice a more passionate feeling than sisterly tenderness.

'During their interview, Anna confessed that the inconstant, but really ardent, and I must say really honorable lover—'

'Oh! say nothing in his favour! say nothing in his favour!' interrupted in one voice, the indignant young auditors.

'Ah! my dear girls,' replied Mrs. Tudor, 'we learn, as we go on in life, to look far more in sorrow than in anger, on the transgressions of our fellow beings; we know better how to estimate human infirmity and the power of temptation; but I have no time to moralize. I will only beg you to remember, when you have still more cause for indignation against poor M'Arthur, that he was then scarce twenty two, that he was spoiled by fortune, by admiring friends, and by that chief spoiler, a floating, widowed mother; and, lest you should be too harsh, let me tell you, that he has since redeemed, by a virtuous life, the follies, the sins of his youth.'

'Where was I? Oh! on the point of telling you that Anna confessed M'Arthur had urged an immediate marriage, without a reference to her father, which, he maintained, experience had taught them would be useless. "The military events of the day," he said, "indicated that the British forces would soon be withdrawn from—town, and his last letters from his commanding officer, intimated that he would then probably be transferred to the southern army."

'He intreated, with all the vehemence of love, that Anna would give him a right to claim her, as his wife, when the disastrous war should be over. Anna had half consented to sacrifice her filial duty. Against this Emma remonstrated most earnestly. She adjured her sister not to provoke the wrath of Heaven, so sure speedily to overtake filial disobedience. She saw M'Arthur; and, with the unfaltering and almost irresistible voice of determined virtue, intreated him not to tempt her sister to this departure from filial duty.

"But of what use," asked M'Arthur, "will be an appeal to your father, when his old prejudices will be all justified by," his voice sunk to an almost inaudible tone, "by the demerit that none but an angel would forgive?"

'Emma hesitated for a few moments, and then said, with decision, "I will go to him myself."

"You, Emma! You cannot, you shall not; there are a thousand dangers!"

"There are none that need to deter me. I will go. My father, though terrible to his enemies and stern to the world, never denied me anything that I asked myself from him. I am sure I can make such representations that he will give me his consent. I will hear nothing more from you, no, I will not hear your thanks till I get back; provide a proper guard to attend me as far as your lines extend, I shall have nothing to fear after I get among our own people."

'M'Arthur would have poured out his ad-

miration and gratitude, but Emma fled from it all, and hastily prepared herself for her romantic expedition. A small detachment of the regular army, and a large body of militia, to which her father was attached, had approached within fifty miles of — town; but for a young girl to traverse this distance in the unsettled state of the country, required all the spirit that a noble purpose inspires, and all the courage of heaven-born innocence. Poor Emma endured manifold fears, and encountered some dangers; but this detail I reserve for some other time. At the expiration of the third day she arrived safely at the American quarters.

When her father's first surprise and joy at seeing her was over, she communicated, with her own sweet grace and earnestness, the purpose of her journey. No words can ever describe her father's rage. I would not repeat to you, if I could, his horrible language. He commanded her, on pain of his everlasting displeasure, never again to mention the name of M'Arthur. He looked upon his daughters as bewitched by a spell of the arch enemy. He said M'Arthur's conduct was just what he should have expected from an English scoundrel, from any, or all of the miscreants. Every breath that Emma dared to utter, swelled the torrent of his rage. He swore to revenge her wrongs, to revenge his polluted home; and, finally, he concluded by pronouncing curses, loud and deep, and, as poor Emma thought, interminable on Anna, if she did not immediately break off all connexion with M'Arthur, and abjure him forever.

Emma trembled and wept. She knew how unrelenting was her father's determination, and her whole anxiety now was to save her sister from these terrible curses, as fearful to the duteous Emma, as the wrath of Heaven. She set out on her return without any delay. A variety of circumstances protracted her journey. When she arrived at the point where M'Arthur's guard was to meet her, no guard was there, and her progress was arrested by an American officer, a friend of her father's, who absolutely forbade her proceeding. The British, he said, were daily contracting their lines. There were almost hourly skirmishes between small detachments of soldiers, and nothing could be more perilous than for a young woman to traverse even the short distance that remained to her home. She was conducted to a comfortable lodging in a kind family, but no kindness or security could tranquilize her troubled and anxious mind. She knew too well the impetuous temper of M'Arthur to hope he would have patience to await her return, and she feared that her light-hearted, reckless, sanguine sister, would, trusting implicitly to her success, yield to the importunities of her lover. For three weeks she was compelled to endure these apprehensions; to endure the thought that she was freighted with those curses that were to fall

on her sister's head like the withering vengeance of Heaven.

At last she was permitted to proceed, and she arrived at — town without the slightest molestation or accident. As soon as she entered it, she saw that the aspect of things was entirely changed. The military array that had given to the quiet scene a temporary life and bustle, had vanished. The street was as quiet as a sabbath morning. A few well known faces appeared peeping from the doors and windows. Emma did not stop to ask any explanation, she did not even see their welcoming nods and smiles; and though an old man, the walking chronicle of the town, quickened his pace towards her, as if he would be the first to communicate what tidings there were, she hurried her horse onward. Her home was on the outskirts of the town. When she reached it, her servant girl met her at the gate, and broke forth in exclamation of—Emma knew not what. She cast one wild glance around the parlour, screamed Anna's name, and flew to her apartment. The one fear that she had gone with M'Arthur prevailed over every other. She opened her chamber door she was there, buried in her shawl, and weeping aloud. At the sight of Emma she uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy, and dying away in bitter grief, "Oh! Emma, my sister, he is gone, my husband is gone!" "Your husband!" cried Emma, and it was long, long, my dear girls, before she uttered another word. It was as she had apprehended. M'Arthur had been impatient of her delay, and had persuaded Anna to a private marriage, only one week after Emma had left them. Emma did not reproach her sister, she would not have added a feather's weight to the inevitable consequences of her rashness. Those consequences it was now her anxious care to avert. She only communicated to Anna so much of her father's reply as expressed his firm negative. This was fearful enough to Anna: but as her marriage had been strictly private, she hoped to keep it from his knowledge, and Emma, to shield her sister, prepared herself, for the first time in her life, for evasion and concealment.

There was now no obstacle to her father's return. He came home the next day, and his wrath against the enemy grew at every trace of their footsteps. He suspected nothing, but he was for some time less kind and frank to his daughters than formerly. He never alluded to their guest by words, but, when anything having the most distant relation to his residence with them occurred, he would contract his brow, become suddenly pale, bite his lips, and indicate, in ways too obvious to his gentle daughters, that his hatred burnt as fiercely as ever.

Sally, the servant, made her appearance before him one day in a holiday suit, with a gay locket dangling from her neck. "Ah! Sally," said Blunt, "where did you get that pretty finery in these hard times?"

‘The girl knew her master’s infirmity, and she saw the colour mount to her young ladies’ cheeks, and she stammered out as if she had stolen it, “Captain M’Arthur gave it to me, Sir.” Blunt tore it from her neck, and crushed it under foot.

‘Some weeks after this startling demonstration of his unabated hatred, and several months after M’Arthur’s departure, a little crippled boy, who lived on an adjoining farm, came into Blunt’s parlour with a pretty flute sticking in his hat-band. “Ah! Jerry, my boy,” said the old man friendlily, for, like the lion, he was tender to all small and defenceless creatures. “Ah! Jerry, that is the little flute that makes such pleasant music for us of these moonlight evenings, and that piped such a merry welcome to us, the day we came home, is it? let’s see it, Jerry.” Jerry gave it to him. Emma and Anna trembled. “Oh!” said Jerry, “if you could only have heard the Captain play it, Sir; he gave it to me for finding Miss Anna’s ring.”

‘The poor boy’s flute was instantly crackling in the flames, and a fiery, suspicious questioning glance darted at Anna. It fell on the ring—the fatal wedding ring. Oh! my dear girls, I cannot describe the scene that followed. All Blunt’s honest feelings were wounded, all his fierce passions excited. Emma, fearless for herself, wept and interceded for her sister: but her voice could no more be heard than the wail of an infant amidst the raging of the ocean. Anna was cast out from his door, commanded never again to enter his presence, every name of dishonour was heaped upon her, and, while she lay on his door step, fainting in her sister’s arms, for Emma, in spite of his commands, supported her, the last sounds she heard were her father’s curses.

‘Emma watched over Anna’s fate with more than a sister’s love. She procured a humble, but decent lodging for her, and expended her youth and strength in secretly working to obtain a pittance for her support. Blunt had peremptorily forbidden her ever to impart one shilling of his substance to his discarded child. Obedience to this command was the hardest of all Emma’s trials; but she held fast her integrity, and was compelled to see daily delicacies that she loathed, to live in overflowing plenty, without daring to give a crumb that fell from her father’s table to her poor sister.

‘Three months after Anna was driven from her father’s house, she gave birth to a child, a boy, and, as if to fill up the measure of her sorrows, he was born blind. The poor, suffering, crushed mother, wore away her life in watching over her stricken boy, in sorrow for the past, and despair for the future. Five weary years were past without one word of intelligence from her husband. Newspapers were then rare, and few found their way to town and in those few Emma, who diligently enquired, could never ascertain that any mention was made of M’Arthur. He might

have perished in battle, might have returned to England, or, worse than all, might have forgotten his wife. Time had no tendency to soften the heart of Amos Blunt, time only cut in deeper the first decisions of his iron will. His property, though necessarily impaired by the war, was still far superior to his neighbors’; Emma was to inherit it all, and Emma, the dutiful and still lovely Emma was sought by many an earnest suitor. But she was alike deaf to all. She had no heart for anything but duty to her father and love to her sister, and the tenderest love to the little blind boy. For them she toiled, and with the inexhaustible ingenuity of affection, she devised for him every pleasure of which his darkened childhood was susceptible. She contrived toys to delight his ear. She sung for him for hours together. Every body in the country round loved Miss Emma, and the little rangers of flood and field brought her wild fruit and sweet flowers for her favourite.

‘The child seemed to be infected with its mother’s melancholy. He would lie on the floor for hours in most unnatural inactivity; but when he heard Emma’s step, his feet danced, his hands were outstretched, his lips were raised, every limb, every feature welcomed her, all but that sparkling gem that most brightly and piercingly speaks the feelings of the soul. Emma would take him from his drooping mother’s side, and try by exercise, and the free enjoyment of the genial air, to win the colour to his cheek, but alas! in vain.

‘Finally, my dear girls, that power, at whose touch the sternest bend, laid his crushing hand on Blunt. A slow, but mortal disease seized him; he knew he must die. He had long before made his will, and given everything to Emma, but on condition that she never should transfer one penny of his property in any form to her sister. If she violated this condition, his estate was to be divided into one hundred dollar annuities, to be given to such survivors of the war as had served in the revolutionary army from the beginning of the contest, and could give sufficient testimony of their having killed each ten Englishmen.

‘Amongst Emma’s most constant and heartily devoted lovers was one Harry Lee. He was the favorite of her father. He had fought, and had triumphed beside him; and to give Emma to Harry before he died, was the father’s most earnest wish. On this subject he became every day more and more importunate. At first, Emma, who really felt a strong friendship for Lee, only said, “Father, Harry knows I cannot love him.”

‘“What does that signify?” the old man would reply; “Harry knows you say that, to be sure; but he is willing to take you without it; a dutiful child will make a dutiful wife; and I tell Harry love is nothing but a jack-o’-lantern business.”

‘When this conversation was renewed in every form that could express that this was

Blunt's strongest and almost only earthly wish, it occurred to Emma it was possible that, by a sacrifice of her feelings in this affair, she might induce her father to relent towards Anna. This was the hardest sacrifice a woman could make—but she was a noble creature.'

'Oh! grandmamma,' exclaimed Isabel, 'too, too noble—I cannot believe you are telling us a true story—I cannot believe that any woman so wronged as Emma, would have made such exertions, such sacrifices.'

'I believe it,' said Lucy Atwell, her face kindling with an expression of fervent feeling, 'I know there has been one woman capable of any virtue—my mother,' she added, dropping her face on Mrs. Tudor's lap.

(Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

REFLECTIONS

Occasioned by the death of E. M. F.

'To thee will Summer's suns,
Nae mair light up the morn;
Nae mair to thee, the Autumn winds,
Wave o'er the yellow corn.
And on the narrow house o' Death,
Will Winter, round thee rave,
And the next flowers that deck the Spring,
Bloom on thy peaceful grave.'

It is but natural, that the recent death of a well-beloved friend; should exert upon the finer feelings of the heart, those chastened emotions, which carry the mind, and the affections back to those simple periods of life, to which, in seasons of softened and abstracted feeling, we love to pay the tribute of grateful remembrance. The influence, which the reminiscences of childhood and youth communicate to the mind, is in a high degree salutary. It tends to subdue and rectify the passions, and amend the heart. Following the train of retrospective thought, as it meanders through the pleasant recesses of other years, the spirit of imagination, most naturally hovers, over the scene of our earliest recollections and happiest days. Every thing is viewed, with the artlessness of childhood, and intervening miseries and trials are unaccounted. We view objects as they first expanded to our opening vision. The world, and its associations are bright and lovely. As the rising sun, throws its young beams along the western hills; scattering pearls upon the dewy leaves, and imparting a smile to the face of nature; which are absorbed in the full effulgence of his meridian career; so we, in the morning of life, are wont to see a fair creation, diffusing its charms around us, and imparting its joys along the fields of fancied happiness, and even so, the fairy creations of simplicity and inexperience, are lost in the mingled realities of active life. Though few are the years since I left the home of my in-

fancy, and the haunts of reckless childhood; the scene is changed. Youth has merged into manhood. New interests have arisen, and new actors have succeeded to the stage. The woods, and the rocks, and the hills, are indeed the same, as when the shout of gladness rose amid our schoolboy revels, and rung through the forest; but the associations with which fancy connects them, are dissolved. Death has been there: and has not spared my friend! The old are passing away, and the young are succeeding to their places, and assuming their responsibilities, and their cares; while to me it is unreal, and like the dreamy phantoms of the night. To me it has not changed—the same flocks are grazing on the hills—the same inhabitants occupy the houses and cultivate the lands—the rude old church, with which are identified many fond recollections, seems still to stand on the insular and lonely hill, where the piety of a former age had erected it, and where for more than half a century, the pealing anthem, and pious prayer, ascended to the throne of Mercy—where the hearts of our fathers thrilled with holy gladness, as each recurring Sabbath ushered in the hour of worship. And with what fondness, does the mind revert to the noon-day interval, when we met our youthful friends on the narrow green; or happy and careless, rambled among the skirting woods, or perchance through the orchard, or the meadow, when the first gushing of our affections, mingled in those thoughtless associations, and implanted the germ of future attachment. These were days of thoughtlessness and folly, but with a sigh we must acknowledge, they were comparatively, our days of innocence and simplicity. As our juvenile sorrows are forgotten, the vista grows brighter—and the dark spots are fading away—The old men, seem to occupy the same shady retreats, near the door of their rural dwellings; where I have often listened to many a legendary tale, recounted by some venerable patriot, who had stood by his country in her day of trial; whose reverend head was whitened by the frost of age; but whose heart still glowed with the ardor of youth; and whose countenance would often brighten, in speculating on the mighty results, of the youthful valor of our worthy sires; while communicating to their listening posterity, the safe-guard of those institutions, which had been consecrated by their blood—those that were lisping in childhood then, seem children now—youth seems not changed. But alas! were I to revisit the neighborhood of my nativity, and seek for the image of my fancy, in the reality of my dreamy recollections; deep, would be my disappointment. Many of the aged have retired silently to the bosom of the earth.

The tombs of my fathers are ruinous, and their very names are falling into forgetfulness. The green mounds that once rose over their resting places, are level with the earth around them—all is passing to oblivion, and a 'change

should come over the spirit of my dream.' For the friends of former days may have forgotten their pledges, and he that was remembered then may be forgotten now. Grief has come over the society in which it was my delight to mingle! A son, a brother and a friend is mourned! Death has again been the harbinger of woe, and gloom has spread her sable veil, over a once happy family. But there is a balm in grief, and a consolation in woe.

Is E****d dead, or is it an illusion? I had regarded him as one, whom I should meet at intervals through many years; his excellent constitution seemed to secure him against disease, and I had often thought the manly tone of his ambition, would secure him respectability and wealth. I had studied his character—I knew him to be capable of disinterested and lasting attachment, and of cherishing high and honorable sentiment. But blighted are all those hopes, crushed are all those schemes, of aggrandisement and of happiness. He saw the world opening her allurements to his view, and was quickened by the developement of those resources, which his industry won. In the roving of his fancy, he saw the expanding charms of a picturesque world, and the enjoyments of a fortunate life; unmingled with their cares and bitterness. But the scene is closed—the curtain is dropped, no more to rise! For cold and lifeless is that heart, that never beat with a dastardly pulsation—low and mouldering is that form, so late, erect and vigorous; blending the gaiety of youth, with the dignity and sobriety of manhood.

Is it true, that my much loved friend, will no more greet me on the theatre of our childhood and our youth? Shall I be pointed to his grave for a recognition? I will visit that grave, when the grass is green over his remains; when the recollection of our youthful attachments, will only be retained in the shadows of time that was, and those events that are now almost fresh from the reality like a traditional legend.

ALEPH.

Albany, December 31, 1829.

SOCIAL VIRTUE.

The happiness of life consists much in the interchange of kind affections, and of tender sympathies and mutual condescensions. We must live for each other, and we must encounter many varieties of character and opinion, and must never be unmindful of forgetting little errors, or even forgiving insults.—Whatever fame and splendor may attend commanding talents, we always value the virtues that make us easy and happy, and it is pleasing to think how many have been beloved and lamented by their friends for their kind affections, and amiable and benevolent hearts. Since so very few of us can expect to make this world ring with our names, our talents, or any thing else, why is it not a labor most worthy of the christian heart, to endear ourselves to these around us, so that our presence may kindle a smile through

the social circle, and our friends rejoice that they are brought nearer each other in their mutual love of us, that in our absence they may feel that love is not wanting, and when laid low in the grave, the requiem of the blest may consign us to the retributions of eternity.

A Good Hit.—Previous to an election in Ireland, a landlord of considerable fortune and interest, went over to his estate: he saw one of his tenants digging potatoes, and thus addressed him. 'Paddy, how do you do?' Paddy, unaccustomed to such a salutation, looked wildly around to see from whence it could come; on perceiving his landlord and taking off his hat, he answered, 'pretty well, sir, I thank you; I hope I see you well.' The landlord continued his conversation by asking, 'what news have you, Paddy, in this part of the world,' to which the tenant replied, 'in truth, sir, I have none except that I think we shall have an Election or some such sort of thing.' The landlord asked, 'what makes you think so, Paddy?'—The tenant replied, 'only because your honor never axes me how I do except about that time!'

A Yankee and an English captain, each in a schooner, tried their speed in Gibraltar bay, when our countryman beat John Bull all hollow. They met on shore, the next day, and the Englishman swore that he had never been out-sailed before. 'Just like me,' said Jonathan, 'my Jemima never beat *nothing* afore.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1830.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of the 'Suicide,' a tale sent us sometime since for publication, is informed that it would have appeared ere this; but it not being convenient to publish it when received, it was laid by and forgotten—it shall however, appear in our next.

The communications forwarded by Matilda, will be attended to soon.

MARRIED,

In this city, on Thursday evening the 31st ult. by the Rev. Joshua Flagg, Mr. Walter Gifford to Miss Ann Maria Saulpaugh, all of this city.

At Stuyvesant, on the same day, by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. Norman Pease, of Ohio, to Miss Harriet McAllister of Stuyvesant.

At Athens, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, Mr. William Wilkin, to Miss Jane Dickinson, all of that place.

At Claverack, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Uhl, Mr. Henry G. W. Snyder, to Miss Ann Miller, daughter of Mr. Matthias Miller.

In Chatham, on the 29th ult. by Elder Hull, Mr. Cyrus Gillet, of Canaan, to Miss Polly Roberts.

DIED,

In this city, on the 8th inst. of consumption, Mr. Abraham Bradley, aged 54 years.

At Delhi, on Monday evening, the Hon Ebenezer Foote, in the 75th year of his age, for many years first Judge of the county of Delaware.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

The Last Morning of the Condemned.

'Oh yet another look, one long, last look
Upon the setting stars!—Through these dread gates
Even at noon-day darkening my prison cell,
Night after night as my sad hours have flown,
I've watched them rolling in their ceaseless course
On to eternity. It is the last!

Ere yet the matin bird which now I hear
Thrilling the prelude of her morning song
Has ceased her jocund carol; ere the dew
Has vanished in the sunbeams; or the mist
In snowy wreaths fled from the mountain tops,
My dread account, with all its dark arrears
Of guilt and crime shall be forever sealed.—
Ah! little thought the father as he pressed
His darling to his bosom, his young boy,
And parted from his brow the clustering curls
To gaze into his sunny eyes; or she
Who o'er his slumbers hung, and with a kiss
And smile of love greeted him as he woke;
Ah! little deemed they that these cold, damp walls,
This gloomy dungeon vault should sepulchre
Their fondest hopes. While he, the wretch undone,
Abandoned, lost, who in his bosom bears
A hell of horrors, agony untold,
Should in the bitterness of anguish curse
The authors of his being, curse the day
That ushered him into this world of woe.

—Ha! where the grey light of the early dawn
Comes stealing through those massive bars, to chase
The darkness from my prison cell.—Away!

'Tis the precursor of my doom!—away!
It dawns upon my scaffold!—And shall he,
The victim of his passions, the accursed,
Branded with infamy and guilt, shall he
Be for a gazing stock of fools led forth,
The theme of many a brutal jest, the scorn
And mockery of the vulgar, to fulfil
His fearful doom, a spectacle of shame?

He sank beside his pallet, with his hand
Clenched on his chain convulsively. His eye
Had an unearthly wildness, and he gazed
Upon the light that broke into his cell,
With a stare like the fixedness of death.
The dark locks o'er his furrowed brow, scarce hid
The veins that stood out swollen to bursting there;
While o'er his pallid face the cold damp sweat
Of death was gathering. Once he strove to rise,
And for a moment madly tugged to wrench
The shackles from his hands,—then reeling fell,—
The fearful strife was over.

Z.

FROM THE YOUTH'S KEEPSAKE, FOR 1830.

THE TORN HAT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepresed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most—
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His merry laugh like musick trill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
And I in sadness hear it all,
For like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—
But when, amid the earnest game,
He steps as if he musick heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air
As if some dream were passing there—
'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
And, like a long forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings
Which time has fettered now—
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad and still,
And threw upon my brow,
A holier and a gentle cast,
That was too innocent to last.
'Tis strange how thought upon a child
Will, like a presence sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardour straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And, on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Noah in the Ark.

PUZZLE II.—A Hat.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why does the ash-pan of a grate resemble Westminster Abbey?

II.

I am taken from a mine; confined in a wooden case, and used almost by every one

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